



Welcome to Avarike



 111  4  12

Chapter 1 by PyromaniacSoap

Welcome to Avarike. The world superpower of 130ZX. This is a place where giant air-ships laze through the sky, carried on the prevalent gusts of wind that prowl across the endless vault like an invisible wolf. In this world dominated by Avarike, my small town, Flurryfork, is the place where all the best Draken Engineers are born. We have so many dragons here that studying them to make metal ones is easy. The only thing that is hard is mining the metals. That's my job, and i'm doomed to be here the rest of my life. Just my luck.

Chapter 2 by Glowpy-Druglord



I should have really expected this, after all, I wasn't fit for engineering, I wasn't made to control the damned machines. So I was stuck mining metal until the day I fell over and died. Which would be quite a while, seeing as how I was in my twenties. And I did feel a bit lucky that I was stuck with mining, it was the safest of jobs because we were protected by machines that warned us if the ground or area was unstable. But still. Waking up at the butt crack of dawn to go pull metal out of the dirt sucked majorly.

I slugged my tool belt over my shoulder, picking up my pickax with my foot and tossed it up into

my hand. Another boring day to break my back just to make machines. I opened my door to the outside area, closing it with my hand. I walked to my site 17B. I adjusted my dirty laptop, my small necklace, and my hair. I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I put my hair up in a messy bun. I just

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"Hey, Sorrel," my best friend, I call him York for fun, called out to me. His stupid nickname of my last name annoyed me to no extent. I threw my tool belt on top of him, making him grunt.

"It's *Sorren*," I corrected harshly through clenched teeth. "I'll say it until it gets through your head."

He picked up my belt, laughing. "It always gets you roused up."

"Shut up man," I growled, sliding down into the mining tunnel. He followed me, flicking on the light he had between the frame and his ears. The bright beams cut through the darkness as we made it to our mining station. I dragged my pickax towards the walls of unrefined metal waiting for us to take it out. I lifted the sharper end upwards, hitting against the hard dirt over and over again.

I drew back for another swing when the ground shook violently. I stumbled backwards and chunks of dirt fell from the roof. I looked beside me and I realized that York wasn't with me. Making my way to the surface, I heard groans and shrieks.

"Jax, get up here!" York called, worried.

I pulled myself out of the tunnels, turning my attention to the fallen machine that had appeared to have been torn up completely.

Chapter 3 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



I loved being *that* guy. "Does this mean work is cancelled?"

"No-- well, actually yes. Feral black dragon attacked Titanium designate IOREWQ. The area's not safe."

"Why black? Why is it always the black ones that are rogues?"

"I don't know, ask the ice dragons. They have a better idea of draconic psychology than we have human psychology."

"Alright, show me one."

"They're pretty rare. The last one to talk to someone and be proven was one called Croxus." "Croxus hmp?"

"We need to get out of here."

"Agreed."

So York and I ran

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Ran all the way to the shuttle, shuttled all the way back to the mining camp, ran to the scavengers, bugged to another camp, and carried on with our quotas.

The next day, it happened there.

"Again? Seriously? Let me guess. A bla--"

"Nope. Blue this time."

"A blue dragon? You know shit's gone down when the water dragons attack."

"Aye. Which means that we need to run. Again."

"Aye."

Run, shuttle, buggy, repeat. Run, shuttle, buggy, repeat. This was getting annoying to our higher-ups.

So they called our top workers in. I was skilled enough to be one.

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